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PEA VINE HAY.

AN ARTICLE ON THIS SUBJECT THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY FARMER.
Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

In the Democrat of April 18th, J. C. H., of the Fork, made allusion to the "huge piles of pea-vine hay suspended on racks" he saw when passing my place in August last, and in plain terms condemned the practice. Now, I so fully agree with J. C. H. in all he has said about the pea as a fertilizer, that it is with some reluctance that I attempt to defend the practice of gathering pea vines even for hay; but for the sake of consistency I must explain. This piece of land was prepared and planted in peas for the purpose of gathering the vines for cow food—and just here is another good quality of pea vines that cannot be too highly praised. Nothing compares with pea vine hay as a regular feed for milk cows. I would respectfully commend the following plan to my brother farmers. Prepare in the spring by thoroughly breaking one or two acres of good land. About the middle or last of May guano well and sow down 6 or 7 pecks of either the speckled or cow pea to the acre. Turn under well then harrow or smooth with a brush, and when you see a few yellow peas on them, cut close to the ground, hang on racks a few days and then house them. And you get an amount of food that will surprise you. The yield per acre is in proportion to the quality of the land, averaging from 2,000 to 10,000 pounds. The butter from this feed rivals the celebrated Goshen in appearance and excels it in flavor. This hay is not to be despised as a feed for mules, fattening them without corn or oats; in fact, it is as good as Northern clover. And as J. C. H. expresses it, "the clover of the South," and the farmer who does not utilize it as such is just a little behind this progressive age. If J. C. H. will come over in St. Matthews again next August we will obligate to show him on more than one place not only huge stacks of pea vine hay, but corn houses and sheds large enough to hold all this hay, where a great quantity of the very best home made manure is made and protected from the weather, obviating in the future, the necessity of using so much guano. So we not only get the milk and butter, with the pleasure of having fat cattle and choice beef, but actually get more than the worth of the pea vines as a fertilizer in the piles of rich manure made by these cattle under shelter. I wish to be understood—I do not advocate the plan of gathering pea vines indiscriminately from the land, but do earnestly recommend these patches as the best method now known for getting the greatest quantity of food to the acre; and such food as will pay a better percentage for money and time expended than any other. Does it injure the land to take off this hay? Certainly it does! So does it injure land to take any crop from it that is grown there. Who among us will leave our corn and cotton to rot and decay in the fields as fertilizers because the land is injured by taking them off? It pays us better to gather them; just so in the case of these patches for pea vine hay. I fully endorse J. C. H.'s statement that the pea is the best known fertilizer that we have. I will go further than J. C. H. is willing to go, and say that it improves land to grow peas on it, even if you take the vines off, provided you leave the roots in the ground, cut them off when gathering instead of pulling them up. As proof of this assurance I saw on a place in this neighborhood last year while inspecting crops, (for you know, Mr. Editor, we inspect each others crops over here every year when they are made, to see what we have been doing, and not always the least important part about it, how it was done.) rice growing on land that had been planted in peas two consecutive years and the vines gathered from the land each year, also rice growing on land immediately adjoining this, that had been planted in cotton the preceding year, and well manured too, and incredible as it may seem, the rice growing on the pea land was better than that on the cotton land. If J. C. H. will again examine the analysis he gave us of the pea vine, he will see that the amount of ammonia was in too great proportion for the other sorts, and in

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JOB OFFICE

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

excess of the natural supply of the soil, so it must have been gathered from the atmosphere, and as the lime, magnesia, potash and phosphoric acid are in excess of the supply found in our common soils, and these latter are not supplied by the atmosphere, we must account for their presence in such quantities in some other way. The pea sends its taproot deep into the subsoil and draws these supplies of lime, magnesia, potash, etc., from a greater depth than ordinary crops generally feed. The atmosphere supplies the ammonia, it being absorbed by the broad leaves of the pea, and thus the pea vine shows this rich analysis without robbing the surface soil to any great extent, and without being such an exhauster of the soil as the analysis would indicate; it is the greatest restorer of worn out lands that we can use, as it draws its supplies from beyond the reach of other crops, and places them near the surface where they can be utilized. If this were not the case, any land that would grow a good crop of pea vines, would be abundantly supplied with all the necessary minerals to make a heavy crop of either corn or cotton.

This pea subject makes me feel like a Fork of Edisto man, I grow enthusiastic, and could write enough to fill up one whole side of your paper, and then the half would not be told; but every farmer ought to know these things already by experience, and they would, if they would but see, read and think for themselves; but unfortunately for us as a class, we read too little, think scarcely at all, and judging from the way so many of us plod along in the same old furrow our fathers followed, we wilfully close our eyes, and bring our ignorance and prejudice to bear against all innovations and improvements on the old style.

MIDDLE ST. MATTHEWS.

A Sad Fate.

Last week we published the marriage notice of Mr. Philomen Sanders and Miss Blanche Garrett, daughter of Mr. J. W. Garrett, of this place. This week it is our sad duty to announce the death of Mr. Sanders. He was married on Wednesday, the 9th instant, and started off on a bridal tour with his lovely bride on the same morning, on the train for Charleston, en route to his father's residence, near Walterboro, in Colleton County, reaching there on the next day. On last Wednesday, the 16th instant, just one week after his marriage, he rode up to the town of Walterboro, seven miles from his father's residence, and while paying a visit at Dr. G. M. River's house, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the terrible tornado struck the town of Walterboro, and he was among the number killed by the falling of Dr. River's house during the storm. Mr. Sanders had been a resident of Spartanburg for several years. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, of steady habits and good business qualifications and gave promise of being a useful and influential citizen. To have been thus suddenly cut down in the bloom of youth, within a week after his marriage, with a long, happy and prosperous life apparently in prospect is indeed a sad and mysterious fate. And what a chilling blast to the happiness of the lovely young bride of a week must this sad death be! Truly are "the ways of Providence mysterious and past finding out." May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," sanctify this dispensation of His Providence to the young bride in her sorrow!—*Spartanburg Herald*.

A Beautiful Extract.

A naval officer, being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him filled with alarm for the safety of the ship, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from the chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

"No!" she immediately replied.

"Why not?" enquired the officer.

"Because," replied his wife, "I know that the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and He who holds the winds in His hands is my Father."

A Miner's Luck.

The race of bonanza kings has not yet run itself out, and those of the Atlantic slope are likely to rival those of the Pacific. Four years ago H. A. W. Tabor was a merchant—one of the sort who were left in California Gulch after the Pike's Peak furore in 1859—and none were so poor as to do him reverence. To-day he is mayor of the city of Leadville, whose 16,000 population is growing at a rate of 400 daily; treasurer of Lake county, postmaster, president of the bank of Leadville, Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, and last month he received from a single one of his numerous mines a net income of over \$1,500 a day. Even this only covered the actual dividend after a surplus had been withheld for the purchase of new and heavy machinery. Largely interested in over two dozen mines, this latest and busiest of bonanza kings came to New York to buy more. If anything could add to the marvelous romance of the man and his life it would be the fact that all his wealth and that of thousands of others has been taken from the carburet earths, which can be shoveled as free as sand, handled almost without expense, and which were walked over and passed by as worthless by experienced miners for twenty years. When the ten thousand miners, who struggled after golden sand in California Gulch, drifted despondently away over fifteen years ago, and that name became a camp by-word, the left stranded, among others, a couple of German shoemakers and the merchant Tabor. These three became partners to carry out the small trader's carburet vision, and the Little Pittsburgh was their first find, where there are now thirty paying and 160 prospective mines. German number one grasped gladly at the \$100,000 offered for his share, as soon as their discovery was known. A week later German number two went away with \$262,500. The Yankee remained, and he and Senator Chaffee to-day own jointly 75-100 of this mine which, in its consolidated form, pays for itself over and over again every month, and which has over \$5,000,000 worth of ore in plain sight.—*New York Graphic*.

Dean Swift's Newspaper Hoax.

One of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated was invented by Swift and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some "last words" of a street robber named Elliston, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: "Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I ever knew—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope that they will take it." We are told the Dean's ruse succeeded so well that street robbers were for many years after few and far between.

How to Do It.

An intelligent and thrifty farmer says: "But for the cooperation of my boys I should have failed. The eldest is near twenty-one, and the other boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents; mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services, and I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make their home pleasant. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night comes and the day's work is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railroad station and adjoining towns, they gathered around the great lamp and became interested in their books and papers."

A BRUTAL MURDER.

MR. HASTING HOLLEY, AN OLD AND INOFFENSIVE WHITE MAN, WAYLAIN AND KILLED.

The western portion of this county, lying between Graniteville and the Savannah River, was on Friday the 18th, thrown into the most intense excitement on discovering that one of the most diabolical murders in the annals of crime had been committed in that neighborhood. The murdered man was Mr. Hasting Holley, an old and respected citizen of Gregg township.

Some 25 or 30 years ago, Mr. Wiley Floyd married Caroline McClendon. During the war Floyd became too intimate with his wife's sister, Lizzie McClendon, and since the war has been living with both, and is the father of some twelve children by the former, and the reputed father of six by the latter. About a year ago Hasting Holley reported Wiley Floyd who is his brother-in-law, for bastardy. The case came up before Esquiro Southall, of Langley, and on the evidence of this woman, Lizzie McClendon, the justice made Floyd give bond for the support of two of her children. Some three weeks since he was reported to Justice Sims, of Graniteville, and Saturday, the 12th of April was appointed for the trial. But neither Floyd nor Mr. Hasting Holley, who was the principal witness against Floyd, was present. Mr. Jack Floyd, a son of Wiley Floyd, stated to the Court that his father was too sick to attend the trial and in his name asked a continuance. The trial was postponed until the following Monday. Again both Mr. Floyd and Mr. Holley were absent, the former pleading sickness, asked through his son that the case should be continued until the following Saturday. Justice Sims issued summons for Mr. Holley which was carried to his residence the following Thursday evening. The constable was informed by Mrs. Holley, (the wife of Hasting Holley) that her husband had left home on Friday, the 11th, to attend the first trial and that she had not seen him since, and that she supposed he was with his relatives either at Graniteville or Vaulause. The constable told her that he was not at either of those places. She then became alarmed and on the morning following, Friday, the 18th, the neighbors began a search. They took the road to Graniteville which he had taken when he had left home on the evening before the day appointed for the trial, for being very old and quite infirm, a walk of that distance was no small task, and he started the evening previous that he might have plenty of time to make the trip and that he might have time to rest before the trial began. His relatives and friends who were searching for him or rather his body, for their suspicions of foul play had ripened into a certainty, found his body in the woods about 30 or 40 yards from the road at a distance of a mile from his home, and some two hundred yards from the house of John (or as he is better known), Jack Floyd, on the road leading to Graniteville. The body was terribly mutilated. From the signs on the ground in the vicinity, he had been killed or stunned in the road and then dragged to where his body was found, when the fiends not satisfied with the life of this poor old inoffensive man, cut his head from the body and his hands from his arms. The head was found near but it is not known what was done with the hands, as they have not yet been found.

The coroner was sent for and immediately on his arrival impanelled a jury of inquest. The evidence before the jury was of such a character as to render it necessary for him to issue warrants for the arrest of Wiley Floyd, his son Jack Floyd, his wife Mrs. Caroline Floyd and Lizzie McClendon. And they are now in jail for murder.

D. S. Henderson, Esq., has been retained by the defendants, and O. C. Jordan, Esq., by the friends of the murdered man to prosecute.

When a man takes the life of a fellow being when under some great excitement, we can make some excuse for him and pass upon the act with much leniency, too much very often. But when the crime has been studied and reviewed, every step weighed well before taken, then there is something in it that strikes the most brutal with horror. We do not know

who the guilty parties are in this case, but one thing is certain, a cold blooded murder has been committed here right in our midst, and the most deliberate and the most cowardly we have ever heard of. Justice demands that the perpetrator should meet with the punishment his crime demands, and we hope for once that justice will not be cheated, as is the case now almost daily. As has been the case, until the out throats in society hesitate no more to kill a human being than they would a brute that crosses his path, but at the same time we want it to be the guilty who suffer. We can't afford any more legal murders any more than we can afford these butcheries.

We are not in favor of manufacturing opinions and lest something said in these columns might affect these cases when they come up before the courts, we shall not give the statements of any of those who are or will be witnesses until an investigation is had and a decision rendered.—*Aiken Courier Journal*.

Bargains.

An eccentric old man, fond of picking up good bargains, on one occasion attended a sale of old military stores, in Edinburg Castle. A lot of twenty drums, with their drumsticks, were offered at the rate of sixpence a drum. Such a chance was not to be missed, and at his nod the hammer fell. He had to have a cart to take them away, and then remembered he had no proper accommodation for them; so he called an open air meeting of juvenile population and distributed his prizes among them, more to their delight than to that of the older inhabitants, who were driven distracted by the constant din of the spirit-stirring drum. A more profitable deal in military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some six hundred rusty old helmets, that had lain in the Church of St. Irene, from the Turkish Government at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despised martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions showing that they were of a very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for twenty pence a piece. Finding they went off readily at that price, he raised the price to thirty, then to forty, and finally to fifty pence, until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like eighteen shillings per helmet, and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up at the bazaars, and then the authorities, waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from £2 and £3 apiece, and thought they did wisely—a proof that they had made a shocking bargain in the first instance.

A Double Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. Field once kept a double Sabbath. In crossing the Pacific, it becomes necessary to alter the reckoning of the days to conform to that of the eastern and western hemisphere, according as a ship is sailing in one direction or the other. In going to Japan, when the 180th degree of longitude was reached (which is just half way round the world from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, from which longitude is reckoned), a day is dropped and in returning one is added. The ship in which the doctor was sailing crossed the meridian on the 8th of June, and so two days were put down on the vessel's calendar as the 8th of June. Now, as it happened that this was Sunday, the crew and passengers had two Sabbaths succeeding each other, one of which was the Sabbath in Japan and in all Asia, and the other the Sabbath in America and in Europe. Some of the ship's company were puzzled to know which to keep; but the doctor did not think it would do him any harm to keep them both, and he says he shall always remember with pleasure his double Sabbath on the sea.

"I say, Sambo, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?"

"No, I don't hardly, 'cept it makes de ground stronger for de corn."

"Now, I'll jest tell yee. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'summery, so it hurries out ob de groun' and gits up as high as possible, so as not to breathe the bad air."

Letter from Mississippi.

FOREST GLEN, HOLMES CO., MISS.
April 14th, 1879.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

As it has been some time since you have heard anything from this corner of the world, perhaps a few lines from your quondam correspondent may prove acceptable. We have had an unusually mild and early spring, though the weather for the past few days has been quite cool for the season. The crops of all kinds are very fine, and farmers hopeful. There is promise of an abundance of fruit. The appearance of farms and orchards is most pleasing and encouraging. The County Grange met on Thursday last, at Centre Grove Grange. There was only a small attendance owing to the fact that this is a very busy time with all classes.

The trial of Jenkins for killing his brother-in-law, Reeves, is fixed for next week. It is said that the circumstantial evidence against the accused is almost overwhelming. Reeves was an influential and popular citizen, and his death is a great loss to the community in which he lived.

There is a lively political interest stirring the yeomanry of Holmes. No less than thirty candidates are anxious to implicate themselves upon the altar of public service. It is to be hoped that pure patriotism is at the bottom of their zeal, and that the emoluments of office have nothing to do with their ardent desire to serve the people. If we were not quite sure that every office-seeker desires only the good of his country, and nothing else we might be led to criticize the spirit, which fills several columns of our county paper with "announcements." Will they be willing, like Cincinnatus, to return to the plow, when they are no longer needed to guide the helm of the "Ship of State?"

It is the opinion of the majority, that there ought to be more farmers and fewer lawyers in the next legislature. The farming interests of the country suffer through neglect of our representatives.

If "brevity is the soul of wit," I am sure that your readers will agree that this is one of the wittiest communications that you have received for some time.

MORE ANON.

Outrage by a Tramp.

On Tuesday afternoon, a tramp, calling himself Patrick Kelly, went to the residence of Dr. Isiah Simpson, and requested to have something to eat. The lady of the house kindly granted his request, and gave him a dinner. But the worthless fellow, far from feeling any gratitude for the kindness thus shown him, acted in a most disgraceful manner—breaking some pieces of crockery, and making off with some articles of children's clothing. He was afterwards overtaken on the road by Dr. Simpson (who was absent from home at the time of the outrage) and then taken in hand by policeman Potec. He was somewhat obstreperous when first arrested, threatening to draw his pistol, and had to be soothed with a who'some blow on the side of his foolish head. Pity is that he had not suffered much rougher treatment. When he was taken to his cell, and the sheriff started to search his person, he showed some signs of resistance, but being assured that the searching would be done "whether or not," he quietly submitted. In view of such outrages as this, it might be well for our town council to enact an ordinance that would protect our ladies and children from any such trouble. Whenever a tramp comes to town, let him be put to work on the streets, the Council paying him moderately for what he does. Should he foolishly refuse to work, let him be put in the guard house on bread and water diet for a few days. This would bring him to his senses. Tramps are, generally speaking, vagrants of the very worst character, and they should be treated accordingly.—*Winnsboro News and Herald*.

The Winnsboro News and Herald says: "Northrop is a beautiful specimen of a judicial officer. He intimated in Court on Monday that Cardozo had received fair treatment and that he was therefore justified in taking an extreme course in the United States Court. Who ever heard of such an argument before in a court of justice?"

The Federal constables are an expensive luxury. They cost the country \$300,000 in 1876 and 1878 for running the elections and disfranchising voters in the interest of the Republican party. The country can dispense with their services.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

A WIFE FULFILLING HER MARRIAGE VOW EVEN TO THE TRAP OF THE GALLOWS.

A touching story is narrated in connection with the execution of Walter Watson, at Highland, Indiana, on Friday last for the murder of Ezra Compton. The parties had quarrelled about the charge of a quarter of a dollar for some soap made by Compton, who was a storekeeper. The wife of Watson, to whom he had been but a year married, endeavored to restrain him from the quarrel, but her entreaties failed. A week before the execution Mrs. Watson visited the Governor, with her babe in her arms, and made a 'strong' personal appeal for mercy, but the official declined to interfere because the sentence had been confirmed by the Supreme Court. The faithful wife was a daily visitor to her husband's cell, and joined him in fervent prayers for forgiveness. During the last night most of the time she sat on his knee, breathing words of love and encouragement, or at his feet caressing his hands. He was truly a penitent, and expressed himself as having made peace with God. As the time approached for the execution she was for a moment overcome, and fell on her husband's neck in uncontrollable anguish, but suddenly she raised her flaxen head and assisted in arraying him for his doom. She had contributed a necktie and a pair of slippers, and put them on with a fierce determination that overmastered her agony. She combed his hair, and seeing all was ready, said she would go with him. All present remonstrated with her, in which the minister joined. Her reply was a rebuke that few women would have ventured. "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me." On reaching the gallows, the pair soon to be sundered mounted the steps hand in hand. They were seated side by side over the fatal trap. She again took his hand and sobbed with her little head resting upon his shoulder while the minister made the closing prayers.

Meanwhile the culprit sat in his chair unmoved. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom, strong men sobbed, but the man to be hanged seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scene of which he was the central figure. For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in this composure; it was the calmness of resignation. At the close of the religious exercises the two stood up, and for the last time she embraced her husband, kissed him passionately, and with "Good-bye, Walter," stepped back and fell into the arms of the good Christian ladies who were there to receive her. The last words of the unhappy man were a fervent prayer for mercy and for heavenly aid to his poor wife. At the sheriff's she saw the remains of her husband in his coffin, and kissing his lips and arranging the hair, turned away with a look of woe and said, "I can cry no more; I have no more tears. God have mercy on me and my little baby."

An hour later the coffin was on an east-bound train, accompanied by the wife. At Richland, a bleak station seven miles from this point, it was deposited on the barren ground, and as the train moved on only one other person besides the widow was in charge. The face that broken-hearted woman turned up to the occupants of the passing train, most of whom had seen the hanging, will haunt many in their dreams.

"I never knew a fashionable woman who didn't think more of a fool than of an upright, sensible man," says Talmage.

The product of honey in California has grown from a single hive of bees, imported into that country thirty years ago, to 35,000,000 pounds a year.

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